



Against My Side



👁 34 ✓ 3 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

Working in a dusty old pawn shop wasn't quite what he'd envisioned himself doing ten years ago- but it had gotten him through college. Now all Marlowe hoped for was a chance to be an artist- one day..

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



It was one way to pay off his student loans, and on the plus side, he could use it as a studio when the boss-man was away. They didn't get much business out here, anyway - the best they usually did in a week were widowers gambling away their husband's final possessions and angry divorcees looking for an outlet for their cheap rings. All of which Marlowe lovingly depicted in his paintings. He was planning to call the collection "Pawn'd", and hoped to sell his case to the art gallery that sat on the opposite side of the road from the rinky-dink shop. It called to him, day in, day out, almost teasing him with its availability.

But until then, it was slapping price stickers onto bags of rare doll heads for him.

Chapter 3 by Strawberrychan17



The doll heads seemed to almost mock him with their cheeky expressions. He reminded himself to attempt to recreate their audacious smiles. Perhaps he might call it something clever like "A Doll's Life".

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"Do you think that the rumors are true?"

Marlowe turned around to see what must have been a couple of grade school kids who seemed to have a peculiar fascination with a prehistoric looking chest that had been nestled into the corner of the store. One of the kids- a girl- however, had her eyes fixed directly on him. Her bug-eyes surveyed him from behind her turtle-rimmed glasses. She looked like the kind of girl that would be made fun of for her small size and abnormal appearance.

Marlowe couldn't help but feel for her. He'd been made fun of all through his grade school years until he'd started using contacts and started working out.

She still hadn't stopped staring at him yet and he wasn't sure what to think so he decided to provoke her into speaking her mind.

"You need something?" he asked her as he attempted to smile.

Rather than responded, she turned back to the group-whispered to one of the other girls and then proceeded to run out of the shop. Instead one of the boys answered him. "Is it true that there is treasure in here?" he asked motioning to the chest.

"Oh yes!" Marlowe stated emphatically "It's absolutely full of it."

At this point, he had captivated the entire group's attention. "You wanna see it?"

They all eagerly nodded in unison. Marlowe was never one who wanted to disappoint and so- he pulled out his ring of keys for the store and found the one he believed to be the right one.

Walking over to the front of the chest, he smirked at the quizzical faces that peered over his shoulders. Kneeling down- he placed the key in the lock and turned it slowly. The sharp click of the lock startled the kids into jumping back.

Just then- the girl returned, but this time she was pulling a young woman behind her. Marlowe guessed from the same glasses and watchful blue eyes that she must have been the girl's mother. However, the woman had a more graceful and attractive air to her. She was the kind of woman Marlowe could only dream of having as a model for his paintings or sketches.

Returning to the task at hand- he pushed the lid of the trunk up to reveal a colorful cabochon collection. The kids looked down at it in awe.

Looking back at the girl with the glasses, he smiled warmly "What's your favorite color?"

The girl looked back up at her mother. "I like green," her mother coaxed.

The other kids had already looked at the contents with wide eyed fascination.

"I like the color green!" Came her meek response.

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Letting his hands swim through the glassy sea of stones, he pulled out a gem that would make the Emerald City jealous. "Here. How is this one?"

He passed it over to her shy yet hopeful hands.

"It's beautiful."

As she looked at it lovingly- Marlowe could tell that he had made the right choice. "I'm glad you like it."

Standing up, he lowered his voice so only the mother could hear him. "She can keep it."

"Oh- thank you. How much do I owe you?" The woman began to reach into her pocket.

"Thank you for the offer- but she can have it for free. We weren't going to be able to sell those rocks at the price we have them at anyways, I'm sure one isn't going to hurt." He insisted.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. Just don't go around telling my boss."

The woman laughed and Marlowe could feel himself beginning to blush.

"Well that is very kind of you...I'm Eleanor by the way- I work at the art gallery across the street- if you're ever interested in art, feel free to drop by. My daughter tells me that you're an artist. I would be more than willing to pass you along to my husband since he decides on all the showings. Would you be interested?" Eleanor questioned as she tucked back a stray tendril of glossy brown hair behind her ear.

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